

\$1.95 (CAN. \$2.50)

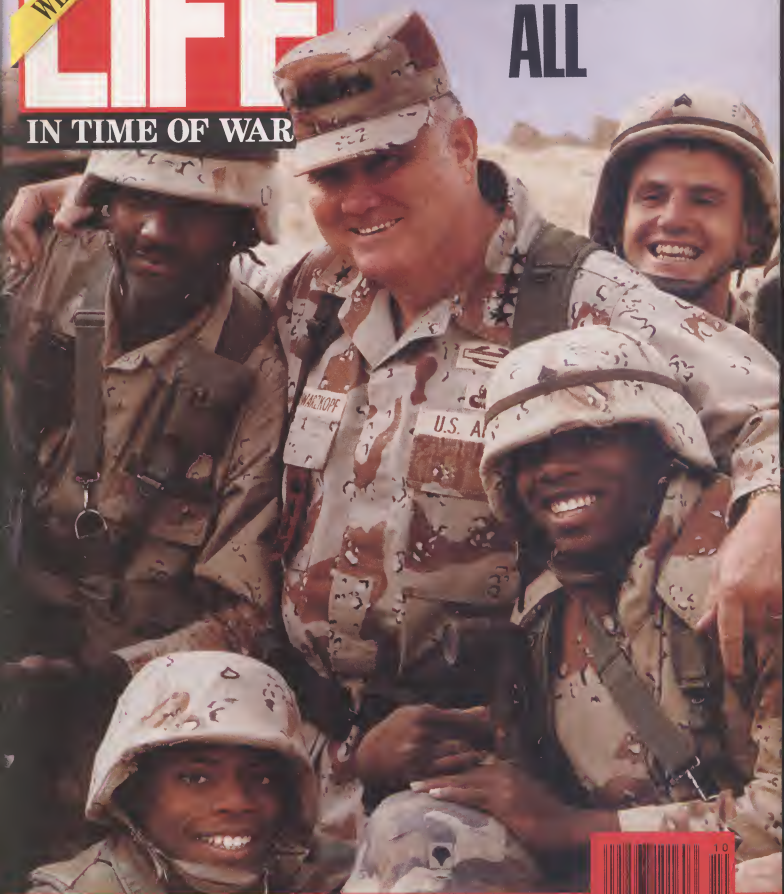
MARCH 11, 1991

WEEKLY

LIFE

IN TIME OF WAR

HEROES ALL



SPECIAL WEEKLY EDITION, NUMBER 3



0 92567 10160 3

Incandescent parrots

Pink dolphins

And half the medicine known to man.

This is the rain forest



Prepared as a public service by Orlin & Miller. Photos by Dorcas S. © 1997 World Wildlife Fund

Every second another acre of rain forest is destroyed forever. World Wildlife Fund needs your help. 1-800-CALL-WWF

World Wildlife Fund  Rain Forest Rescue Campaign



Sixty complaints.

Thirty unmotivated staff members.

Performance review in a month.

Call 1 800 231-5800.
(ext. 124)

The Dale Carnegie Management Seminar.[®]
Learn how to raise performance standards. How
to delegate authority. How to set, implement, and
meet agendas. How to get more from meetings.
More from staff. More from yourself.

THE DALE
CARNEGIE
DIFFERENCE

More from customers. Over 400 of the Fortune
500 have the Dale Carnegie[®] difference. They
realize its potential. Realize yours. Call now for
our course catalog. Dale Carnegie Professional
Development: How to win.

Dale Carnegie & Associates, Inc. Leadership Training Worldwide.

CONTENTS

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3

4 THE FACE OF WAR

21 BRIEFINGS

27 Statement of Recognition

by Roger Rosenblatt

34 Who the Enemy Was

In victory, GIs finally knew their foe
by Lisa Grunwald

42 When Freedom Came

Exclusive photos of the allied charge
into Kuwait
Plus: An eyewitness account
by Edward Barnes

54 Where Memory Lives

In one French town, Americans will
always be heroes
by Michael Walsh

ON THE HOME FRONT

67 LETTERS FROM HOME

68 FIRST PERSON

Scenes from a beauty salon

70 COMING HOME

A soldier leaves the front to be with
his dying stepfather

78 AFTERMATH

A fiancée's dreams are dashed
by death

80 FORGET ME NOT

Stormin' Norman's sister remembers
the commander when he was two

Cover photograph of U.S. Gen. Norman
Schwarzkopf with his troops, by David Turnley

LIFE: In Time of War is published by The Time Inc. Magazine Company, Principal Office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020-1393. Reginald K. Buck Jr., President; Joseph A. Ripp, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnston, Secretary. Vol. 1, No. 3 © 1991 The Time Inc. Magazine Company. GST#R12278 1974. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. LIFE, In Time of War is a trademark of The Time Inc. Magazine Company. PICTURE SOURCES are listed by page: Cover: Detroit Free Press/Black Star. 21: R. Trappett/Sygma. 22: Orbital/Sygma. 24: Terry Ashe/Gamma-Liaison. 54: top and bottom—Sygma. 57: Sygma. 59: Sygma. 60: top—Sygma. 70-77: JB Pictures. LIFE, In Time of War is printed by Judd's Inc., Shenandoah Division.

RIDING HIGH

The Brooklyn, N.Y., peace sign

was put up for Christmas but

stayed, with an added

touch of yellow, for the war.

MARK PETERSON/JP PICTURES

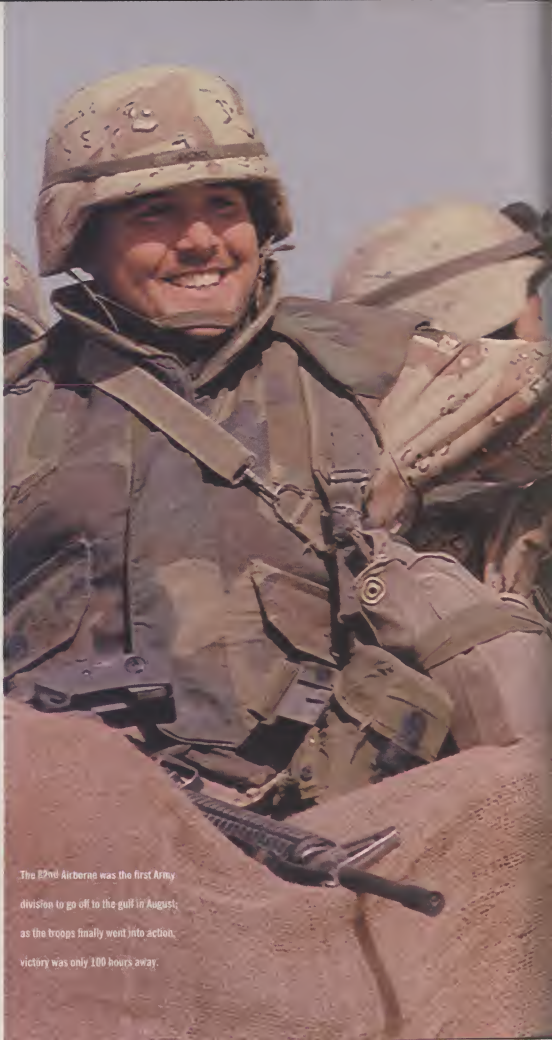
PEACE



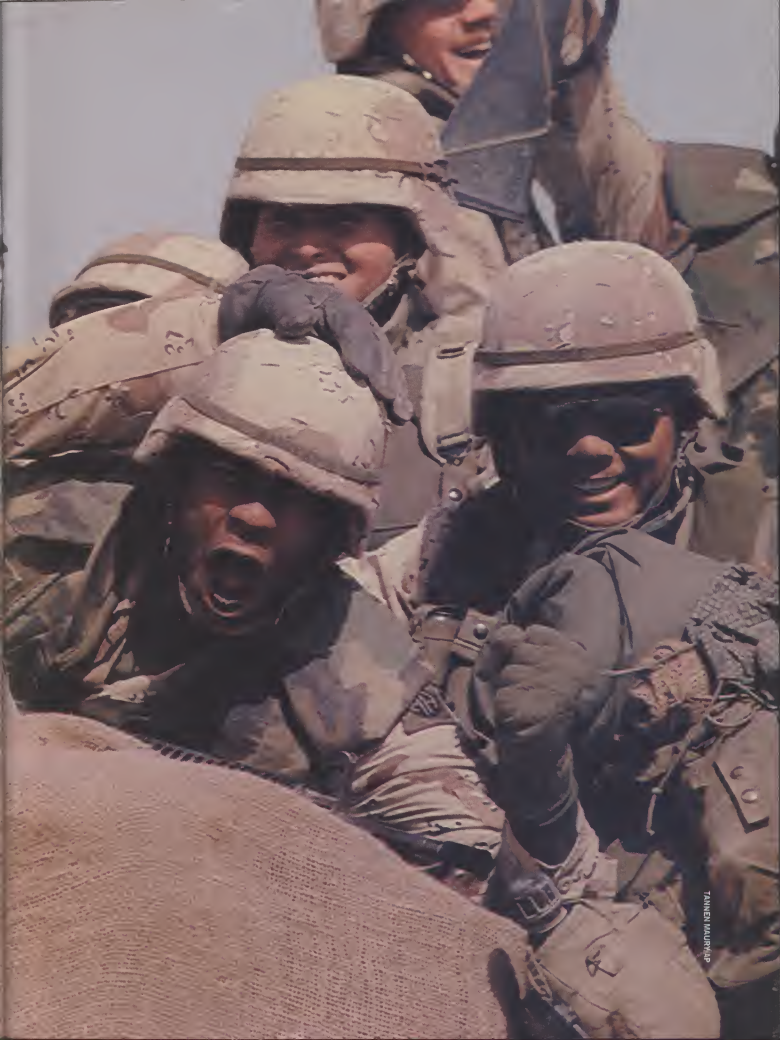
LIFE

MARCH 11, 1991

THE FACE OF WAR



The 82nd Airborne was the first Army division to go off to the gulf in August, as the troops finally went into action, victory was only 100 hours away.



FIGHTING SADDAM'S FIRE WITH FIRE

In a fountain of flames, a Chinese-made T-59 tank dies in a ditch, one of more than 3,000 Iraqi tanks destroyed since the war began on January 16. As smoke blackened the sky, the largest American military convoy since World War II rumbled past to complete its mission.

Top: GAO/DAVID J. PHILLIPS





AN ARMY OF CAMERAS CAPTURES AN IRAQI BUNKER

Headed north with a Saudi tank unit, French photographers trained their cameras on embattled Iraqi holdouts in a bunker near the port of Mina Abdullah. Two days into the land offensive, the town, 32 miles south of Kuwait City, was under allied attack by land, sea and air.

PATRICK DUBANQ/SYGMA





GIVING UP WITHOUT A STRUGGLE

They emerged from their holes in the desert with their hands up, surrendering to allied forces. Once in the care of their captors, the Iraqi soldiers were loaded onto a bus and transported to a processing area. According to one U.S. Army officer, many Iraqis had been holed up for more than five weeks. "We found one guy with dress shoes on—they must've taken him right off the dance floor."

ERIC BRUNET/ODYSSEY/RETNA









A DIFFERENT KIND OF LIBERATION

The Iraqis came pouring across a road about 20 miles outside Kuwait City, their white flags held high. Earlier, in an effort to preserve Muslim dignity, Desert Storm commanders had tried to make the taking and holding of Iraqi prisoners the task of fellow Arabs. But when tens of thousands began to give themselves up, it seemed to one GI that "everyone with a rifle was guarding POWs." U.S. soldiers were astonished by the Iraqis' eagerness. "Where have you been?" one officer asked his captor. "We've been waiting for you guys for two weeks!"

WHEN ALL WAS QUIET ON THE FRONT

Even near the front lines, the 5th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital was quiet, and nurse Amy Stuart slept in peace. Then casualties began to increase as the ground campaign pushed into Kuwait and Iraq. MASH units are designed to move quickly, and overnight the 5th folded its complex of tents, tables, generators and medical supplies to set up camp again somewhere up the line. With hundreds of allies and thousands of the enemy in need of care, there was no longer much time for napping.

DAVID TURNLEY/DOOD POOL





THE SKY ABOVE, THE RUINS BELOW

From the very beginning, on endless television news shows, military experts had said our bombs were capable of penetrating even the most heavily reinforced concrete. But on Saadun Street, in the center of Baghdad, those who hadn't heard the experts could only turn their eyes upward into the gloom and be blinded by the light.

NOEL DUTTO/GAMMA LIAISON









IN KUWAIT, THE THRILL OF VICTORY

The day after the 30th anniversary of their country's independence, a throng of joyous Kuwait City residents swarm around one of their liberators, an American Special Forces soldier. Ignoring radio broadcasts urging civilians to stay indoors, thousands of flag-waving Kuwaitis went dancing into the dark streets, firing weapons discarded by the Iraqi soldiers who had occupied their city for more than six months. □

Surprising taste.
Amazing low price.



Also available in 100's.



Full Flavor.



Lights.



Menthol Lights.



Ultra Lights.

Ultra Lights 100's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; Lights & Menthol Lights, Kings and 100's: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; Full Flavor Kings and 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

**GROUND
SOLDIERS
BATTLE, EXILES
CELEBRATE
VICTORY, AND
AN ISRAELI
FORSAKES
REVENGE**

BRIEFINGS

NIGHTMARES

It felt sometimes not like a battle but like a slaughter. And it wasn't an easy thing for a GI, strung tight, to deal with. Helicopter pilot Ron Balak of Beemer, Nebr., had been flying training missions for 20 years, but his first exposure to combat hit him hard. "You always envision some scenario, how combat will be," said Balak. "But I just didn't quite envision going up there and shooting the hell out of everything in the dark. A truck blows up to the right. The ground blows up to the left. They had no idea where we were or what was hitting them. Afterward a guy came up to me, and we were slapping each other on the back, and he said, 'My God, I thought we had shot into a damn farm. It looked like somebody opened up the sheep pen.' When we got back, I sat there on the wing, and I was laughing. I wasn't laughing at the Iraqis. I was thinking of the training, the anticipation. I was probably laughing at myself. I lay there in bed and said, 'O.K., I'm tired, I've got to get to sleep.' And then I'd think about blowing this up and blowing that up."

BIG GUNS

"It's just like training," said some of the gunners in the 42nd Field Artillery, handing their howitzer with polished ease as they blasted away at Iraqi positions. Specialist Ricardo Moyado gracefully slipped 100-pound shells into the breach of the huge gun, slammed home its heavy door, inserted the fuse and hauled back the lanyard. A dozen times he repeated this procedure to the encouraging shouts of his three buddies, each time rocking the earth they stood on and filling their closed quarters with the fumes of ammonia and dirt. "Just like training," they all said.

Then the company emerged from

the gun housing and stood at ease as Command Sgt. Maj. John Wooley, a Vietnam vet, told tales of heroism from the old war. What did the sergeant think of this war, the young men wanted to know. "The soldier part of me says let's kick that SOB's ass," Wooley said. "But I'm of two minds on this. I've got a little lady over in Third Armor who means a whole lot to me." His expression softened at the thought of his wife, a physician's assistant with the tank division. Just like training? "It feels a little different today," said Sgt. Stephen Wright, glad his own wife was home in Rome, Ga. "I don't know why."

OIL GAUGE

Each day, while five million barrels of oil are lost to flames in the oil fields of Kuwait, allied forces have been using another half million barrels. According to Michael Renner of Washington's Worldwatch Institute, coalition troops have gone through more fuel in three weeks than a town of 100,000 uses in a year.

BAYOU BATTLES

Fears of terrorism led jittery officials in Louisiana to install two metal detectors at Caddo Parish Courthouse in Shreveport, La. No bombs were discovered, but in the space of just one week guards confiscated 392 knives, a meat cleaver and a stash of crack cocaine.

DREAM OF FLYING

The letter was postmarked Centerville, Ga., and addressed to the 76th Tactical Fighter Squadron of the 23rd Tactical Fighter Wing. It read:

Dear Sir,

I am writing to you to let you know of a fine young man who flies with you in spirit. His name is John Matthew

VOICES



"Kuwait is liberated. Iraq's army is defeated. Our military objectives are met. Kuwait is once more in the hands of Kuwaitis, in control of their own destiny."

—President George Bush

VOICES



"As far as Saddam Hussein being a great military strategist, he is neither a strategist, nor is he schooled in the operational art, nor is he a tactician, nor is he a general, nor is he a soldier. Other than that, he's a great military man."

—Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf

Gay, and he was my son. He was murdered last summer eight days after his fifteenth birthday. My son's most sincere dream was to graduate from the Air Force Academy and fly A-10s. I think of him each time I see an A-10 in flight. I am enclosing a small picture of John taken shortly before his death. I hope you can take it with you on one of your missions. Unless there are A-10s in heaven, which I hope there are, this would be his only chance to fly.

Sincerely,
Sylvia Gay

Last week John's picture went up with the 23rd Squadron for the first time. Said Lt. Col. Gene Renuart, "He's flying now, and he'll fly with me tomorrow and with us every day until the war ends."

VETERAN OF LOCAL WARS

The day the war began, Bruce Percifield, a veteran of World War II, put on his VFW hat, left his Nevada City, Calif., home and joined an antiwar protest. He carried a sign that read: Down with Bush! Murder, Murder. Down with All Warmongers!

Weeks later, townspeople who had seen his picture in the local paper still shunned him. Members of the local VFW suspended him for six months, citing a bylaw that forbids the wearing of its uniform during protests.

Percifield told his former comrades, "The suggestion that a person wearing a hat could speak for the entire VFW is absurd" and quit the organization.

LONG DISTANCE LOVE

His CNN reports were cleared by the Iraqi military, but reporter Peter Arnett's personal calls from Baghdad apparently remained his own. A month ago he proposed via satellite hookup to Florida-born TV reporter Kimberly Moore, 23. She said yes.

LONG DISTANCE LOSSES

Last year, when AT&T installed 1,200 USA Direct telephones in the Saudi desert, it seemed like a nice way to help American servicemen reach out and touch the folks back home. Then the bills came. The average soldier was socked for \$50 a month, many for hundreds of dollars more, and the company faced a barrage of bad publicity. Last week AT&T surrendered, slashing rates by as much as 30 percent and expecting losses of about \$3 million a month while troops remain stationed in the gulf.

DOCTOR DRAIN

The mobilization of medical reservists, who account for more than two thirds of Army medical professionals, has had an unhealthy effect at home. The call-up of some 1,100 doctors has left many inner-city hospitals understaffed, while some small towns have lost their only practicing physicians. It's been hard on the doctors too. The typical military salary of \$65,000 is far less than the docs are used to—the national civilian average is \$150,000. "I told them I'd be the only heart surgeon in the country who was applying for food stamps," joked Lt. Col. Tom Pezzella, who was posted to Washington, D.C.'s Walter Reed Army Medical Center. Fewer than 100 M.D.s have asked to be excused from duty, but the Pentagon fears that many won't re-up and that in future wars doctors may have to be drafted.



THE PRICE OF VICTORY

The first word on George Bush's \$15 billion gulf war budget request confirmed a few obvious choices: 500 new Patriot missiles (\$324 million), 400 more Tomahawk cruise missiles (\$545 million) and a variety of other projectiles that have proved their worth dramatically. More mundane, but perhaps equally essential, items on the shopping list included

\$26.6 million for shrink-wrap machines used in preparing meals and \$162 million for canal tolls.

FIGHT SONG

As ground forces finally moved into action on February 23, Armed Forces Radio played Elton John's "Saturday Night's Alright (For Fighting)."

FRONT LINES

Some words from the soldiers:

"You could see them in columns. They looked like little ants in a row coming from a peanut butter and jelly sandwich somebody left on the ground, just lots of them down there." — Capt. John



DAVID LONGSTRETA/MP

SMALL TOWNS, GREAT LOSSES

When the missile fell on a reserve unit barracks in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, news came that it was the 475th Quartermaster Group that had been hit. The townsfolk of Farrell, Pa., went into shock; it was their unit. At Roy Ward's house, his wife, Ella, didn't want to answer her phone. Then, his voice: "Hi, babes," he said. "I'm O.K." The early report had been a mistake—the explosion had blown the 475th's sign into the wreckage. But 85 miles away there was no such reprieve. The 14th, from Greensburg, Pa., had borne the brunt. In all, 28 reservists were killed, 89 wounded.

"Smiley" Sizemore, Air Force pilot
"This here is a Kodak moment
This is like a movie or a *Twilight Zone*
show. It's a look into hell."
—Cpl. Rick Rushart
"I saw it in Vietnam. Before they
saw combat their eyes were bright and
clear; they saw the McDonald's, the
Chevys. When they see battles they
become men who have seen
things other men haven't seen, and
that shows in their eyes."
—Lt. Col. Skip Baker

SAILOR BOY

Joe Lynch was just a 15-year-old in knickers when he filched a pair of long trousers, lied to the Navy about his age and sailed off to World War I. Now, with wartime supply operations creating a huge need for experienced merchant seamen, he was one of many old salts who lined up to volunteer. Though some men in their sixties were deployed, the 88-year-old Lynch, who lives in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., couldn't find a berth. "I'm having a heck of a time," he said. "I'm going to write to Barbara Bush or something."

SENIOR NURSE

The troops at the 403rd combat hospital in Saudi Arabia call her Grandma. Jeannine Dahl is a psychiatric nurse in the reserves. She's 60 years old, and when her grown daughter, Judy, told her she didn't want her to go, Grandma said, "Who would you choose to go in my place? A young mother who has a five-year-old?" Says Judy, "Though I'm worried, I'm happy that Mom will be there for those young wounded. They couldn't have a better nurse."

SLOGANEERING

Sign in a Saudi hotel: Iraq has won the toss and has elected to receive.

EQUAL RIGHTS

Benjamin O. Davis Jr., now 78, was the first black graduate of West Point and the first black general in the Air Force. His service predated President Truman's desegregation order, and he endured profound racism during much of his career. There is such a high percentage of blacks in the gulf (the Air Force has the lowest percentage, 13.5) because, he said, the service is now "an equal opportunity and treatment environment—a reflection, really, on society in the U.S., which is not."

PRAYERS IN THE SAND

"We don't have a prayer of coming up with enough priests to say mass for all those who might want it," one chaplain lamented. But members of the 101st Airborne were blessed with the sacrament before battle.



ARMY PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER

ONLY A TEST

Every Monday the old civil defense sirens installed during the Cold War at the Esky meat packing plant in East Baltimore go off for five minutes. When a mechanical error caused the wailing to last more than a half hour one recent Tuesday, citizens in the area didn't know what to think. "One lady was terrified," a police officer said. "She was crying and screaming." Stateside jitters found other expression as well: Around the country last week, sales of gas masks, chemical suits and portable shelters continued to be brisk.

SADDAM COMPARES 2 U

Last year rocker Sinead O'Connor enraged many Americans when she refused to allow "The Star-Spangled Banner" to be played before a concert in New Jersey. O'Connor capped her controversial position recently, comparing Iraqi atrocities with those of the allies. "Why are we making Saddam Hussein out to be the devil?" she asked. "America and England, we are the devils." O'Connor, who is Irish, earned this headline in one London tabloid: Sinead the She Devil.

WOMEN IN WAR

The law was simple. Women in the Army were to be kept from positions that would involve routine engagement in combat, and women in the other forces were not to be assigned permanently to ships or aircraft engaged in combat missions. The reality was the VII Corps' Army Sgt. Theresa Lynn Treloar, the forwardmost American female soldier on the front, saying, "I'm really excited. It's not every day you have a war." That was the morning of February 23. Two days later two women in the 14th Quartermaster Detachment were killed in the Scud attack on Dhahran, and the participation of women in war moved from theory to cold, immutable reality.

PEACE COMES FIRST

Yehiel Duk, 31, is a clerk. He and his wife, both polio victims, and their two children live near Tel Aviv. Their house was destroyed by an Iraqi Scud; now they are living in a hotel, and Duk is recovering from the cuts in his back caused by shattered glass. "There is a terror in our hearts still," he admits. But he says he feels no animosity against the Iraqi people. "Everyone has to give up something for peace, if it is a genuine peace." Duk and his family have given up revenge.

VOICES



"We could perhaps seize him and even cause his death, but in doing that you might create generations of those in the region who would see him as a martyr."

—House Speaker Thomas Foley

CELEBRATIONS

As Baghdad radio finally admitted that Kuwait was in American hands, Kuwaitis in exile in Amman, Jordan, began banging on their embassy's door. "Is it really true?" they asked. A

party was already going on inside. "Yes," shouted the celebrants, beckoning the newcomers in to share a buffet of chicken and shrimp sandwiches with pink-iced cakes and petits fours. At the same time the GIs who had liberated their capital camped on the outskirts of Kuwait City in the sooty rain. No hot meals, no mail, no showers. Their only news, too, came from the radio or word of mouth, and as each broadcast of success came through, their first thought, like that of the other exiles, was, "Good. Now we can go home."

THE ROAD HOME

A road sign said, Caution: Occasional Sand Dunes. The artillery truck carrying Sandy Adkins, Bobby Raines, half a dozen of their Fort Bragg buddies and their howitzer rumbled through the desert dust. Another truck came from the opposite direction, carting a load of ragged Iraqi POWs. The artillerymen could hear the boom of the ground-to-ground rocket launchers 30 miles away. Adkins was looking down the road, thinking about home. "First thing I want is a pizza supreme and a cold beer," he said. Raines replied, "I get back, and I'll get me a six-pack of tall Budweisers and a pint of Wild Turkey and go to sleep forever." □

LOTS OF JETS FLY AT 600 MPH. THIS ONE FLIES AT 0.

The Harrier. It's spellbinding. It can actually stop on a dime in midair and hover, as if it were some kind of large prehistoric bird stalking its prey.

It takes off more like a rocket than a jet. But it lands like a feather floating to the ground.

This is

just one of the wondrous feats of aviation you can now witness in

REACHING FOR THE SKIES, a captivating series from Columbia House Video.

As you view it, you'll sit in the cockpit of an SR-71 Blackbird and shoot up into the heavens at an almost unimaginable Mach 3. You'll fly along in the controversial Stealth B-2, the world's most sophisticated bomber, and find out how it eludes radar. You'll join top gunners fighting to the death on a

roller coaster ride in the sky, and more.

All told, REACHING FOR THE SKIES gives you a chance to be part of the high spirited world of aviation as you watch the marvels of flight unfold before your eyes-- from the pioneer days to the superperson age.

Preview your first videocassette, "Fighters," risk-free for ten

YOUR FIRST VIDEOCASSETTE, "FIGHTERS" ONLY \$4.95

CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS CALL 1-800-538-7766

days. Keep it and pay only \$4.95, plus shipping and handling. Then, as a subscriber, you'll receive another exciting video about every four to six weeks such as "The Birth of Air Combat"

and "Bombers". Each cassette is on the same risk-free trial basis. You pay only \$19.95 for

each one you decide to keep, plus shipping and handling. There's no minimum to buy and you can cancel at anytime.

So strap yourself into your easy chair and get ready for REACHING FOR THE SKIES.



COLUMBIA HOUSE VIDEO

REACHING FOR THE SKIES

Dept. N4C, P.O. Box 1112, Terre Haute, IN 47811

Yes, I want to witness the wondrous feats of aviation in the series REACHING FOR THE SKIES under the terms described in this ad. Please send my first videocassette, "Fighters," at the low introductory price of \$4.95, plus \$2.45 shipping and handling (total of \$7.40).

CHECK ONE ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
CHECK METHOD OF PAYMENT:

- ☐ Check enclosed for \$7.40 payable to Columbia House Video.
☐ Future cassettes billed with shipment.
☐ Charge my series purchases, beginning with \$7.40 for my first cassette, to:
☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club

B 73

B 74

REACHING FOR THE SKIES



ACCT # _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE _____

Columbia House Video reserves the right to reject or cancel any subscription. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax on all orders.

Now, a national weekly
entertainment magazine.

From the publishers of Time, Sports Illustrated and People.



entertainment



THE WEEK IN

MOVIES

TV

BOOKS

MUSIC

VIDEO

Because there's so much to do. And so little time.

To subscribe call 1-800-448-9044.

STATEMENT OF RECOGNITION

by Roger Rosenblatt



REPORTER/PHOTOGRAPHY

When an American soldier dies and identification of the body is difficult, his buddies fill out a form called Statement of Recognition of Deceased to confirm the soldier's identity. I do not know a soldier who died in the gulf but I can see him in my imagination, and if I were asked to make a Statement of Recognition about him, this is what I would write.

Of course I know him. I feel as if I knew him all my life. War makes everything weirdly intense, including friendships. "Like a flashbulb exploding in a pitch-dark room." That's what he said war did to one's sense of vision. The eyes hurt for the clarity.

He thought a lot about the war, especially as our troops were approaching total victory. So near you could taste it; that's the expression. He said that victory was supposed to taste sweet, and it did, but he detected a touch of garlic in it.

“He never wavered in his sense of duty or purpose. He simply accepted a lot of different feelings at once”

Not that he wasn't overjoyed at the prospect of Saddam on his knees, Kuwait free, and going home. But he said that so complete a victory would inevitably test how Americans responded to our renewed massive power. He thought it would be wonderful if we could turn that power inward, to heal the nation's inner wounds.

“What I'd like to see when we get home,” he said half kidding, “is an official briefing every morning, like the ones out here. Only at home some general or Cabinet member would present a daily report on how we were advancing on the needs of the poor and the sick.”

That's the way he would talk sometimes. But I don't want to make him out as a mystic or a compulsive do-gooder. He was an ordinary guy. Ordinary horsing around. Ordinary jokes. Like the rest of us, he was deeper than he showed.

Like the rest of us, too, he seemed of two minds about the war:

One raged at the atrocities the Iraqis committed in Kuwait and the deliberate firing of missiles at civilians in Israel. That same mind cheered wildly when our smart bombs proved their intelligence and our strategists looked like geniuses when our ground forces routed the Iraqis in a sweep. Knives through butter.

The other mind recoiled at the thought of so many thousands dead and the families of the dead. When he saw pictures of our direct hit on the bomb shelter in Baghdad, his jaw tightened and he stared at the TV as if he had just learned his own house had been obliterated.

He never wavered in his sense of duty or purpose. He simply accepted a lot of different feelings at once.

He used to talk about *Catch-22*, his favorite war novel, and the scene where

A wounded Iraqi captive is tended by a Marine.



DEREK HADSON/STCMA



**"He would watch the clips
of antiwar
demonstrations with
sympathy and
admiration"**

Yossarian attempts to comfort his fellow airman Snowden, whose stomach has been ripped wide open by a shell. Neither Yossarian nor Snowden knows at first that this has happened. Snowden says only that he feels cold, and Yossarian assures him that he'll be all right.

But when Yossarian tears open Snowden's flak suit, he sees that Snowden's insides are spilling out onto the floor, and he wonders what in the world he can do to put the organs back in place.

"That's how wars end," my friend would say. "No matter how just. Nothing is ever really put back where it belongs."

What I liked about him best was his brand of patriotism—strong and unswerving and expansive all at once. Not one to wave the flag, he would always salute it nonetheless, and the playing of the national anthem could hoist him to his feet much faster than any officer.

He wondered how the veterans of this war would be treated back in the States. What concerned him, I think, was that they might be received too much like heroes, so that the country could make amends for shunning the returning Vietnam vets back in the '60s and '70s.

Yet he had great faith in America's basic intuitive sanity and in its ability to balance things, particularly when presented with the threat of extremes.

Patriotic as he was, he'd watch the clips of the antiwar demonstrations with sympathy and admiration. He asked how anybody in other countries could help but be impressed with a people who felt so boisterously free, who believed so strongly in the force and value of their consciences, they could rail against their government even in time of war. He felt that one thing the war showed was a certain mellowing of Americans toward one an-



The Grief March in Seattle

HARVEY SOUTS



**"One night my friend
said bitterly: 'The sky
has murder in her
heart.' I don't know
where he picked that up"**

other, that we were beginning to learn to live with a number of clashing opinions.

It was a far cry from Iraq. Heading toward Kuwait City last week, he watched the hapless Iraqi troops surrender in droves. After so many years of subjugation and pointless fighting, they looked childlike and desperate. They wept and tried to kiss his hand.

"Are they relieved that it's over?" my friend asked. "Or do they simply want to touch other human beings?"

He could sing. He could sing at the drop of a hat. He adored James Taylor. Sounded a bit like James Taylor too. Had the same sad surprise in his voice, especially when he would sing along with his favorite Taylor song:

*Shower the people you love with love /
Show them the way you feel / Things are
gonna be much better / If you only will.*

He would sing that in the evening when the stars overhung the desert, bright eyes in the blackness. One night he said bitterly: "The sky has murder in her heart." I don't know where he picked that up.

Once he remarked how beautiful young people are, as if he were not himself young.

The time he discovered a dead Iraqi soldier, my friend had been walking on ahead, and he nearly tripped over the body. The Iraqi had been scorched from head to stomach and his uniform was shredded. The face was charred and soft like an overcooked marshmallow; the still eyes lay open and peered from the blackened skin as if from behind a curtain.

My friend knelt down and stared so long and hard I was compelled to ask if he had seen the man before. He said: "Of course I know him. I feel as if I knew him all my life." □

A slain Iraqi

THERRY ORBAN/STIPA





WHO THE ENEMY WAS

by Lisa Grunwald

No one can find anyone to fight with." This was said on the second day of the ground war, only 40 hours after a half million allied troops had gotten the orders to fight a half million Iraqis. There was not a battle in sight. Army Maj. Bill Powers had brought another 43 Iraqi prisoners to a holding area in Kuwait, and he was looking at them when he said it. Nearly a thousand others were lined up on the sand, sitting in rows of 15. Three piss holes had been dug on either side of them. A latrine was farther off. It was raining. Thirty Iraqi officers huddled under a tarp. Nearby, where the soldiers had been searched, the ground was littered with razors, pens, decontamination needles and unopened cans of Kraft cheese.

Some of the prisoners stood up to pray. Major Powers said: "We are Americans. We

A MARINE DISTRIBUTES MRE'S (MEALS READY TO EAT) TO IRAQI PRISONERS IN KUWAIT.



DETEX HUSSON/STOMA





don't care if they want to pray." Later, the Iraqis hid their MREs and asked for more. They traded dinars for dollars, touched a black soldier's face in wonder. One pulled a moldy lump of bread from his pocket, held it up and said, "Saddam." The enemy wasn't the enemy anymore. The war on the front was ending.

Americans in combat have often made up names for the people they fight, names that are still chilling in their power and their shame: Gook, Jap, Jerry, Charlie. They were names that like all such epithets served to distance and deform—to create the space be-

tween people that is needed so that killing can be called success. In this war, the Iraqis were called the Iraqis.

Part of the reason was the gap made by technology. "Damn, I love those things," said S. Sgt. Ronnie Young as he watched the gleaming departure of long-range rockets from his launch system. Others talked about how they'd "killed tanks." It was easy to forget that when the soldiers in them died, they burned. It was hardly a war between people, and, apart from the man who had started it, there was hardly time for hate.



TONY GREENBERG PICTURES

But to some extent, modern warfare has been keeping soldiers from seeing their victims since World War II. What made this war so different was not just the absence of the enemy but the absence of his resistance. When the Iraqis came walking in huge numbers across a flat red landscape, silhouetted against oil fires, bedraggled and relieved, they inspired more shock than triumph, more pity than anger. "I wanted to look my adversary in the face after twenty years in the Army," said Lt. Col. Bob Perrich of the 82nd Airborne. "I did not see a defeated enemy."

What the allies who captured prisoners saw was exhaustion, hunger, bare feet, lice,

SOME OF THE IRAQI PRISONERS HAD WALKED BAREFOOT ON THEIR WAY TO SURRENDER.

filth, prostration and relief. They saw men who didn't act and were incapable of action. Some of the Iraqis had been eating grass and drinking rainwater. Others had spent days walking south toward surrender. Many had not been able to desert because of their own killing squads. Most hadn't slept for days. For five weeks bombing had become their soundscape: part of their pulse and their infrequent dreams.

The allied soldiers felt sympathy. "They realize they're not shooting at Saddam Hus-

Kuwait City was a house in which something unspeakable had happened in the attic

sein," said Capt. Bob Dobson of the 2nd Armored Cavalry. "They're shooting at a guy just like them who had the misfortune to be born an Iraqi. Once this is over, I'd be happy to sit down and eat sheep with them."

Says Dr. Helena Meyer-Knapp, a historian who studies how wars end: "In a war like this one, it becomes very hard for soldiers on the front line to see in the troops who are surrendering to them the demonic enemy they were sent to fight."

For those who thought they would face fighting, the enemy was more palpable.

"Hot damn! We finally saw an Iraqi!" Spec. Robby Raines shouted to the six men on a howitzer crew that was heading into Iraq.

"Just give us the firing data and we'll shoot at it," said Sgt. Terry Gibbs. "Ay ay ay," he yelled as the first shots were heard—outgoing, from ground rockets 20 miles up the road.

But after hours of driving, with the only artillery coming from allied forces, the mood became more somber.

All around the Kuwaiti eater, relief and thoughts of home met up with a strange sort of disappointment.

"It's a cakewalk."

"It's a nature hike."

"I thought we were supposed to fight a war, not run a processing center," said one soldier who'd spent his day dealing with prisoners.

"I'm kind of elated and kind of sad."

"So now we know what it's like if they gave a war and nobody showed."

It was different farther north.

When the Republican Guard fought back and fought hard, there was still a war: There was still an enemy. And the enemy was in Kuwait City as well, even though the enemy had fled. The enemy was there because the evidence of his actions remained.

At the abandoned American embassy, U.S. soldiers stood grim-faced, rifles ready, using a truck they had taken from the Iraqis as a screen. Later, Marines pulled up in light armored vehicles and pushed the crowds back from the embassy gate.

On some streets, there were dead bodies. Rats fed on garbage. The ground was black. Smoke and soot from the oil wells burning in the distance made a grim backdrop for the gleeful Kuwaitis. Raindrops left dark stains.

Many of the buildings in Kuwait City showed damage, not from bombs but from vandals. Windows were broken, doors hung down, rubble was strewn throughout. Aban-

doned Iraqi equipment made a junkyard of the streets: trucks, rifles, gas masks, tanks, pieces of uniforms. The city lacked electricity, drinkable water and telephones.

The Iraqi soldiers had been everywhere, and everywhere was ruined.

At the Emir's Dasmann Palace by the sea, the rooms had been ransacked, the furniture destroyed; the floor was covered with chicken feathers, jewelry boxes and human excrement. A tile portrait of a Kuwaiti prince was in the courtyard, riddled with bullet holes.

The Emir's nephew, Prince Ahmed Mon-sour al-Sabah, wore sweatpants and a T-shirt and stood surveying the damage. "It's the first time I've been home since August," he said. "I can never trust Iraqis again." He had gone into hiding, was captured twice, hit with guns and fists and accused of being a thief. "I escaped because I lied," he said. "All Kuwaitis for the last seven months have had to become liars in order to survive."

The city was a house in which something unspeakable had happened in the attic. Since the initial invasion of Kuwait on August 2, exiled Kuwaitis and former hostages had shocked the world with stories of rape and pil-lage—words used so often that they almost fail to conjure the actions they describe. But new horror stories abounded, hard to comprehend. One Kuwaiti told of his friend Abdulah Darmi, a retired Army officer: "The Iraqis cut off his head and pulled out his eyes." Raymon Naverrete, a Filipino hotel worker, said, "They tried to take my wife and rape her. They put a gun to my head to make me watch, but we ran away." His friend Modesto Cabuang said, "The soldiers held me, and I had to watch while they raped my wife. Thank God you came."

Some said they had found an instrument of torture: a wooden tool like a huge rolling pin that was used to bend and then break victims' feet. Others spoke of the central police station as a torture chamber, where women suspected of being in the resistance had their nipples cut off.

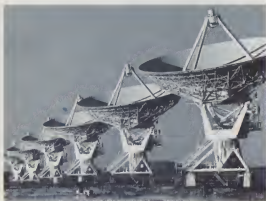
The enemy was in these deeds, which were haunting the city and the future. "What the Iraqis did in Kuwait affected me to the point of tears. They deserve what they get," S. Sgt. Robert Langston said.

"Look at what that bastard has done to this place," Lt. Col. Jerry Humble said. "I would personally like to shoot that son of a bitch."

The lieutenant was speaking about one man: He turned the enemy back into who he'd been all along. □

IN AN ABANDONED CITY INSIDE KUWAIT, A MARINE SEARCHES FOR IRAQI SOLDIERS.





Never is information
more crucial to democracy
than at times like these.



NYNEX

Thirty miles from Kuwait City, the roads were empty, eerily empty, and the only evidence that the Iraqis had ever been there was the acrid smoke from hundreds of oil well fires, so thick it stung the eyes and cast a pall of perpetual twilight across the sky. Photographer Tony O'Brien and I had been traveling with a Marine scout battalion, part of the lead element of the allied offensive into Kuwait, and we had broken off to head straight for the capital. We'd be safest driving across the expanse of sand using a string of power lines for bearings, a Marine captain had told us; it was the best way, he'd said, to avoid the minefields spread throughout the desert.

There was nothing to guide us but a compass, the six months of experience we'd had in the desert and the simple urge to avoid danger. We were afraid of the mines. We were afraid of ambushes. Most of all, we feared we might be coming into the city on the same roads the Iraqis were taking to leave it. We scrambled across the barren sand until we connected with an advance column of Kuwaiti tanks rumbling toward town. If they were safe, so were we.

As the Kuwaiti unit got closer to the city, we passed a row of squat houses set back from the road, and their residents emerged—tentatively at first, then with growing boldness—to wave Kuwaiti flags. And that's when I realized exactly what was happening: This was the liberation of Kuwait City.

We sped ahead of the Kuwaitis and arrived in a deserted downtown. The sidewalks were empty, as were the roads; there weren't even any cars parked on the streets, since most Kuwaitis had long since hidden them from their occupiers. But as soon as we pulled into the city center, a great flood of Kuwaitis began to appear—by car and by foot, laughing, crying, waving flags, hugging one another, hugging us, shooting into the air and honking their horns in manic jubilation.

Some of those early moments seemed like replays of the liberation of Paris. Others had a logic all their own. At the outskirts of town, a white Chevy with two Kuwaitis had pulled alongside us. The driver rolled down his window. "Thank you for coming," he said politely. "Is there anything I can do for you?" Then he handed me a gin and tonic.

Everywhere, the first question we were asked was the same: "American?" Then the Kuwaitis would touch us, to make sure we weren't some surreal apparition brought on by despair. An old man, blinded by cataracts, ran his hands across my face; a woman thrust her baby into my arms. One man—an obvious CNN watcher—grabbed me by the neck and kissed me. "God bless George Bush!" he cried. "God bless James Baker, God bless Dick Cheney, God bless Margaret Tutwiler!"

The displays of affection were almost overwhelming, and at times I felt close to tears. Remaining an observer seemed an impossible task just then, but I did notice one thing in the crush of a thousand people pressing against me as if I were the embodiment of their liberation. Through the thick black clouds, a thin sun began to emerge, and amid the devastation of this nearly ruined country, that in itself seemed a miracle.



Moments
before
the tanks
rolled in,
LIFE was
there

WHEN

A group of seven Kuwaiti Army soldiers are posed on top of a tank in a desert environment. They are wearing camouflage uniforms and some are making peace signs. The tank's turret and gun barrel are visible in the foreground.

The first Kuwaiti Army
units led the way.

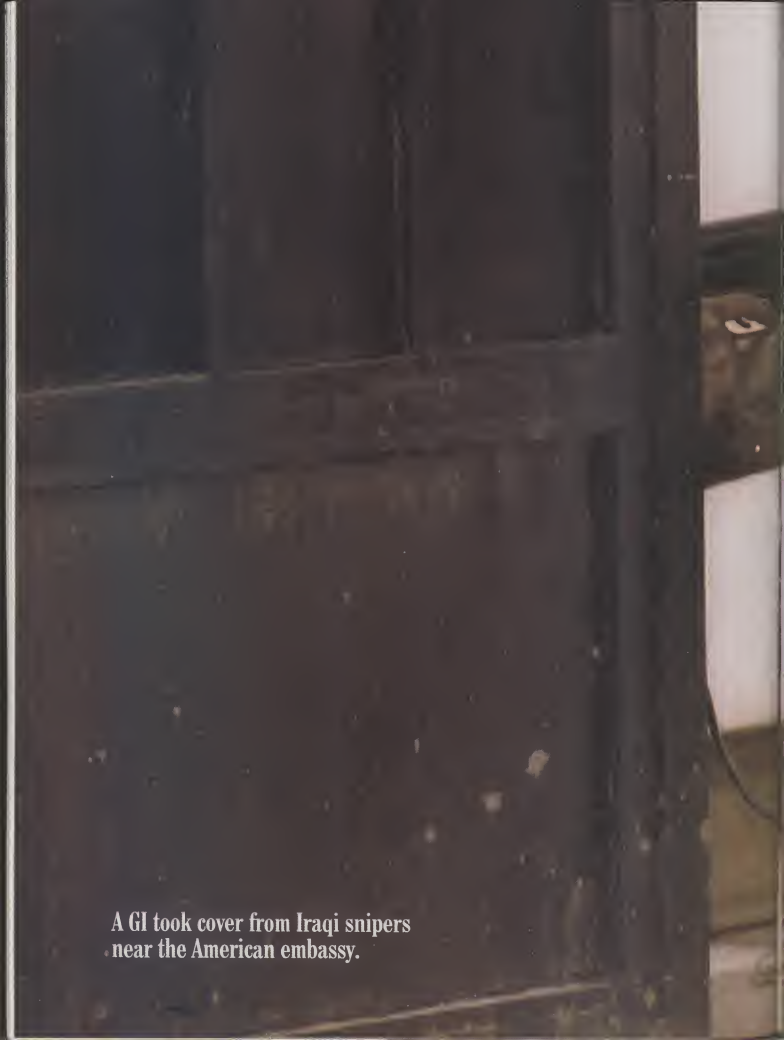
by Edward Barnes

FREEDOM CAME



Battles raged on the outskirts
of Kuwait City.





A GI took cover from Iraqi snipers
near the American embassy.





PATRICK DUANE/STCMA



U.S. Special Forces captured and disarmed enemy stragglers.





Veils could not conceal
a nation's joy.

Kuwait again belonged
to the Kuwaitis. □





DENEK HUDSON/STYMA



U.S. soldier Elmer Habbs rested near a German-made signpost on the road into Sainte-Mère-Eglise. The road out of the town (above) runs past a field where gliders landed on D-Day.

WHERE MEMORY LIVES

by Michael Walsh



They came billowing down from the sky, nearly 10,000 of them, each one bearing 154 pounds of folding carbines, ammunition, knives and C rations, first-aid supplies and flashlights. Some, caught on trees or trapped in hedgerows, were cut in two by enemy fire; others, too heavily burdened to swim, drowned in little rivers and lonely swamps. One hung suspended in the village square, snagged on a church steeple, playing possum until the shooting had stopped. The lucky ones who hit the ground and lived to tell of it won the kisses of the French girls, and their units won the undying gratitude of a small town in Normandy.

They were the brave paratroopers of the 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 82nd Airborne Division of the U.S. Army. Maj. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgeway was their commander, and along with their buddies from other regiments of the 82nd, and the Screaming Eagles of the 101st



BILL LANGRISH







Henri-Jean Renaud holds the LIFE photograph of his mother, Simone (opposite), that appeared in the magazine's August 7, 1944, issue.

Airborne, they landed in the village of Sainte-Mère-Eglise on the night of June 5, 1944—the eve of D-Day—and liberated it. It was the first town in France freed from the Nazi grip. And as the 82nd charged again into battle in Kuwait and Iraq last week, the 1,500 residents of Sainte-Mère-Eglise went with them in spirit.

Jeannette Panteote was just a little girl when the paratroopers rained down from the night skies; today, in her small bar and coffee shop on the main street, she is keeping a *Message du Solidarité*, a big ledger in which villagers are inscribing heartfelt sentiments for the members of the 82nd now serving in Operation Desert Storm. "I am 10 years old, and every afternoon in school we

talk about the war in the gulf," writes Aurélie. "Our thoughts are with you."

Sometimes, when war ends, a beautiful friendship begins. And sometimes it even endures from one generation to the next, as it has in Sainte-Mère-Eglise. Just across the town square from the ancient church, the owner of the war souvenir shop, Jean Bernard Valognes, is coordinating a letter-writing campaign to the soldiers. "Some places in France say the Americans can go home," says Valognes, a big, heavyset man sporting a vintage camouflage jacket, "but not here." What's in it for Valognes? There is a quick intake of breath, the French equivalent of a verbal shrug. "I ask for nothing," he says. "It's a gift."

Simone Renaud was the wife of the mayor of Sainte-Mère-Eglise when the 82nd landed. She appeared in a LIFE photograph that summer of 1944, placing flowers on the grave of Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt Jr.—Teddy's son and FDR's cousin—who died of a heart attack six days after hitting nearby Utah Beach with his troops on D-Day. Until her death in 1989, Renaud faithfully corresponded with hundreds of Americans for whom she represented a living link with their boys in the 82nd, buried so far from home.

"Since the end of the war, relations between Washington and Paris have been at times not so good. But here they have always been good. We in Sainte-Mère-Eglise are proud of this friendship," says Henri-Jean Renaud, 56, Simone's son and the town pharmacist. He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a bulging scrapbook in which he keeps the letters.

"Look at this," Renaud says: "You understand so well how hard it is for me to have my husband's grave so far away. It makes all the difference . . . to know that some like you have been kind and thoughtful enough to take care of it."

It is signed Mrs. Theodore (Eleanor B.) Roosevelt.



Philippe Jutras questions his town's cherished legends—gently.



Jean Bernard Valognes prizes his souvenirs of the 82nd Airborne.

QUINCAILLERIE

PARISURANT

TOUR





The 82nd AA mops up (opposite). One of them, John Steele, hung all night from the church's steeple—and survived to have a hotel named after him.

"It used to be that my mother wrote to the parents of the soldiers," says Renaud. "Now it is I who am writing to the veterans and to their children so that this special friendship can continue."

And continue it has. Members of the 82nd have come to Sainte-Mère-Eglise five times in the last seven years, staging parachute drops, visiting with the townsfolk and dining on the hearty Norman fare. One member of the unit, S. Sgt. Craig Smith, 26, jumped in 1984 during the 40th anniversary commemoration of D-Day. "It wasn't the best landing, but the ground was soft," says Smith, who is stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C. "I rolled over, and I saw two French girls smiling down at me. One had a cigar and the other had a bottle of champagne. I was still trying to get the grass out of my mouth when one of the girls said, 'Welcome to France!'"

Even the mute landscape bears witness to this enduring friendship. The streets of the town proclaim the Allied triumph: Rue de la 505ième Airborne; Rue du Général Eisenhower; Place du 6 Juin. Kilometer Zero of the Liberty Highway, which marks the start of the offensive that progressed from Normandy to Belgium, is also located in Sainte-Mère-Eglise. And every year the villagers celebrate D-Day by suspending a dummy with a parachute from the church spire in honor of John Steele, who hung there on that fateful night and escaped German fire by pretending to be dead. (Red Buttons played Steele in the 1962 movie *The Longest Day*; Henry Fonda portrayed General Roosevelt.) There is even a hotel named after the paratrooper, who died in 1969—Auberge John Steele.

In the church itself there are two unusual stained-glass windows. One, in the south transept, shows the Blessed Virgin hovering above Sainte-Mère-Eglise as armed paratroopers



land in a fierce firefight below. The other, a gift of the 505th on the 25th anniversary of the invasion, depicts Saint Michael and his sword adorned with the distinctive red and blue insignia of the 82nd, whose "AA" logo stands for "All American." " *Ils sont revenus*," the window says: "They have come back."

One who came back, and stayed, is Philippe Jutras, 74, a French-speaking New Englander of Québécois parentage, who first arrived on Utah Beach with a quartermaster unit in July 1944. He returned to Sainte-Mère-Eglise for good in 1972 and married a woman he had met 28 years before. Jutras is the curator of the Airborne Museum, an impressive treasury of Operation Overlord memorabilia whose centerpiece is a C-47 transport plane. A former state legislator from Maine, he is a great raconteur as well as a gentle debunker of many of the town's cherished legends. He questions, for example, whether Steele really hung on that steeple all night and hints that Simone Renaud's photogenic flowers might have adorned more than one grave in their time.

Like just about everyone else in Sainte-Mère-Eglise, Jutras is obsessed with the past and its relationship to the present. In his pocket is a letter from a daughter by his first marriage. Her son, Timothy Broeyer, is serving with the Marines in the gulf. The letter gives voice to a mother's worries—she agonizes over where to bury Timothy if he is killed—and Jutras keeps it close to his breast. There is a photo of the young Marine on his desk and, without prompting, Jutras produces a baby picture for comparison. "Most of the people in this town who experienced D-Day are gone now, but their children have met the GIs when they've come back," he says. "They've established strong links with the Americans. You know that inscription on the church window? 'They have come back.' That's the key to the feeling here about the 82nd Airborne."

Parishioners commissioned a stained-glass window that shows paratroopers leaping to the town's rescue with the blessings of the Virgin Mary. In 1944 members of the 82nd Airborne (below, right) toasted the liberation of Sainte-Mère-Eglise.



In one of those poignant coincidences of war, the 82nd has gone into action in the gulf shoulder to shoulder with French troops. And as the villagers anxiously search their television screens for faces they know, the older ones among them reflect once again on the night, almost 47 years ago, that changed their lives. In her poem 6th of June 1944, Simone Renaud echoed those memories:

*They came down on our Norman Earth
During a never-to-be-forgotten night.
France, in agony under the German heel,
Still carried the enemy yoke.*

*They came, with their weapons and blackened faces,
Like chimney sweeps from the sky.
Thus it is they entered history
And became immortal. □*



WHICH HAS THE HIGHEST OWNER LOYALTY OF THEM ALL?

1991 CARS

SUBCOMPACT, COMPACT,
SMALL SPECIALTY, MID-SIZE,
BASIC LARGE & LUXURY

Acura Legend
Audi 100
Audi 200
BMW 300 Series
BMW 500 Series
BMW 600 Series
BMW 700 Series
Buick Century
Buick Electra
Buick LeSabre
Buick Park Avenue
Buick Regal
Buick Riviera
Buick Skylark
Cadillac Eldorado
Cadillac Seville
Chevrolet Beretta
Chevrolet Camaro
Chevrolet Caprice
Chevrolet Cavalier
Chevrolet Celebrity
Chevrolet Corsica
Chevrolet Corvette
Chevrolet Lumina
Chrysler Fifth Avenue
Chrysler New Yorker
Dodge Colt
Dodge Daytona
Dodge Dynasty
Dodge Shadow
Eagle Summit
Ford Crown Victoria
Ford Escort
Ford Mustang
Ford Taurus
Ford Tempo
Ford Thunderbird
Honda Civic

Honda Civic-CRX
Honda Prelude
Hyundai Excel
Jaguar XJ6
Jaguar XJS
Lincoln Continental
Lincoln Mark VII
Mazda 323
Mazda Protege
Mazda 626
Mazda RX-7
Mercedes 190
Mercedes 560SL
Mercury Cougar
Mercury Grand Marquis
Mercury Sable
Mercury Topaz
Nissan 240 SX
Nissan 300 ZX
Nissan Maxima
Nissan Pulsar NX
Nissan Sentra
Nissan Stanza
Oldsmobile Calais
Oldsmobile Ciera
Oldsmobile Eighty-Eight
Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight
Oldsmobile Supreme
Oldsmobile Toronado
Plymouth Sundance
Pontiac 6000
Pontiac Bonneville
Pontiac Firebird
Pontiac Grand Am
Pontiac Grand Prix
Pontiac Sunbird
Saab 900
Saab 9000
Toyota Camry
Toyota Celica
Toyota Corolla
Toyota Cressida
Toyota Tercel

Toyota Supra
Volkswagen Cabriolet
Volkswagen Golf
Volkswagen Jetta
Volvo 200 Series
Volvo 700 Series

1991 TRUCKS

PICKUP, MINIVAN,
VAN/WAGON & SPORT UTILITY

Chevrolet Astro
Chevrolet S-10 Pickup
Chevrolet S-15 Pickup
Chevrolet S-10 Sport Utility
Chevrolet S-15 Sport Utility
Chevrolet Blazer
Chrysler Town and Country
Dodge Caravan
Dodge Dakota
Dodge Pickup
Dodge Ram 50
Dodge Ramcharger
Dodge Van
Dodge Wagon
Ford Aerostar
Ford Bronco II
Ford Econoline Van
Ford Econoline Wagon
Ford Explorer
Ford Ranger
GMC Jimmy
GMC Safari
Isuzu Trooper
Jeep Cherokee
Jeep Grand Wagoneer
Jeep Wagoneer
Jeep Wrangler
Mazda Pickup
Nissan Pickup
Plymouth Voyager
Toyota Pickup

THE WORLD'S BEST LOVED



DODGE CARAVAN.

In car language, owner loyalty means love. You love your car so much you would buy another model just like it. And the higher the owner loyalty a vehicle has... the more their owners love it.

Dodge Caravan and Plymouth Voyager have the

highest owner loyalty of any minivan.*

Chrysler Minivans have a higher owner loyalty than many of the world's finest cars. Think what this means.

People love their Chrysler Minivans more than people love their Audis...their Lincoln Continentals...their

*Comparison of minivans with a sufficient sales history.

WORLD'S MINIVANS.



PLYMOUTH VOYAGER.

Mercedes 190's...their Jag XJ6's...their BMW's...their
Volvos...Corvettes...Cadillac Seattles...Acura Legends.

Chrysler Minivans and you. What began as a simple
love story...has blossomed into a mad, passionate affair.



Advantage: Dodge



Advantage: Plymouth

THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE®

CALL TOLL FREE 24 HRS. A DAY

800-872-5200

ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE

- No risk 30-day return privilege
- Most orders ship within 48 hours of receipt.
- Credit Card orders billed only upon shipment.
- Federal Express Service Available.



THE BEST CORDLESS PHONE JUST GOT BETTER



Southwestern Bell FF-1700 Offers:

- 1000-foot range
- 9-number memory
- Intercom
- Memory dialing
- Hearing aid compatible
- Hold button
- Tone/pulse switchable
- Free service plan

When a leading consumer magazine rated the FF-1700 Cordless Phone tops for range and quality in 1989, Southwestern Bell didn't rest on its cordless laurels. They went back to the drawing board and continued to update their winning cordless phone. The latest evolution is the FF-1750 Freedom Phone® which combines all the convenience features and the amazing speech quality (within a range of 1000 feet) of its predecessor with a new channel select button that allows you to automatically scan and select the clearest channel whenever you experience annoying interference. Simply press a button and you get the clearest reception ever! The base unit serves as a free standing speaker-phone with its own dialpad. Take or make calls around your home—even next door! 9-number memory, intercom, paging, auto-dial and hold button. Personalized security code protects line from outside access. Free manufacturer's service plan. **\$179.95 #3450.**

THE INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH LIGHTWEIGHT VACUUM

For 25 years, the Oreck Vacuum has been known only to the world's finest hotels and restaurants. Now, you can enjoy its amazing "industrial strength" power. This unique heavy duty design uses the hollow handle to carry dirt pulled up by the motor directly into the top of the bag instead of under the old dirt like most vacuums. This maintains vacuum suction power and eliminates the problem of old dirt being churned up and forced back out into the room. Try it on the toughest dirt in your home. Watch as it whisks the dirt away efficiently... automatically adjusting itself to any surface. Just 8 pounds, its power puts it in the "heavy-weight" class among vacuums! The side-mounted corner brushes clean baseboards and corners

where dirt loves to hide making fast work of difficult jobs. Bright twin headlights illuminate under furniture and the 30-foot cord is 12 feet longer than most. Comes with an extra drive belt and air freshening tablets that help kill odors. When you buy the Oreck XL, we'll send you FREE the Hand-Held Compact Vac which combines incredible suction power (strong enough to pick up a 16 lb. bowling ball!) with a versatile array of attachments for cleaning your curtains, ceilings, blinds, furniture and cars. And it weighs just 4 lbs! Both vacuums come with a year's supply of large replacement bags and a 2-yr. limited warranty. **\$299.95 #4010.**

The Hand-Held Compact Vac

- Includes:
- upholstery brush
 - crevice cleaner
 - deluxe 8" wall and floor brush
 - dust brush
 - blowing tool
 - extension wand



CAB DRIVERS' SECRET

A New York City cab driver tipped us off about the Wooden Bead Seat's "mystical" massaging action. It enables you to sit for long periods of time without discomfort or fatigue. Like modern-day acupressure, it gently massages your back and legs, stimulating tired muscles and improving circulation. Allows air to circulate so you stay cool in summer and warm in winter. Recommended by chiropractors, it supports the lower back and helps improve posture. The smooth lacquered wood beads are hand strung with flexible, heavy-duty nylon cord. **\$299.95 #2690—two for \$49.95 #2700.**



A WATCH FOR ALL REASONS

This digital-analog chronometer swims with you (to a depth of 150 ft.), flies with you, calculates your speed, wakes you, and tells you the day/date. Push a button and the digital display converts to 24-hour timekeeping. All functions are powered by a highly accurate electronic quartz movement. Luminous analog hands and hour markers. Stopwatch times to 1/100th of a sec. Rotating bezel can be used for such practical matters as telling you when the parking meter will need another quarter. Adjustable fit. **\$39.95.** Teflon-coated steel-matte anodized stainless steel #1051; Stainless steel and gold-plated #1061.



THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE®

FOR FASTEST SERVICE 24 HRS. A DAY

800-872-5200

• DEPT. LFWBD1; 921 EASTWIND DR. SUITE 114; WESTERVILLE, OH 43081

CREDIT CARD ORDERS—CALL TOLL FREE

TO ORDER BY MAIL:

- Send us a letter to the above address specifying the item number, dept. code, and quantity of each item.
- Total the amount, add shipping charge (see table below) make check payable to: THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE.
- For MasterCard, Visa and American Express include your full account number, expiration date and signature.

ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE

- Most orders ship within 48 hours of receipt.
- Credit Card orders billed only upon shipment.
- No risk 30-day return privilege.



Shipping Charge covers UPS, handling and insurance for guaranteed delivery.

Federal Express delivery available for an additional \$7.50 per order.

Up to \$ 40.....	\$ 5.95	\$100.01 to \$150.....	\$14.95
\$40.01 to \$ 50.....	\$ 6.95	\$150.01 to \$200.....	\$16.95
\$50.01 to \$ 70.....	\$ 8.95	\$200.01 to \$250.....	\$18.95
\$70.01 to \$100.....	\$11.95	Over \$250.....	\$21.95

Canadian residents we cannot accept mail orders, please call (614)794-2662.

LIFE

ON THE HOME FRONT

A GI Comes
Home on Leave

Letters
from home

Stormin'
Norman at two

A romance
cut short
by friendly fire

A place to get a hug

Sports Illustrated
KIDS **SUPER
SPORTS
SPECIAL**



HEY, DUDES! IT'S
ME, **BUZZ BEAMER**,
ACE REPORTER FOR
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
FOR KIDS, IN MY
FIRST TV SHOW!
WATCH ME ASK THE
BIG STARS
THE **BIG**
QUESTIONS!

**Catch Buzz
With The
Superstars
On NBC!**

MY MAN **BUZZ**
IS GETTING SOME
AIR TIME!

Joe Montana

Tony Gwynn

**Sandra Hodge
and the Harlem
Globetrotters**

Jackie Joyner-Kersey

**Michael Jordan,
Magic Johnson and
the NBA All-Stars**

FIRST TIME ON THE TUBE!



NBC

Saturday, March 30

12:30 p.m. E.T.

check local listings

A Production of



© 1994 The Time Inc. Magazine Company. All rights reserved.

LETTERS FROM HOME



“Maybe You Can Come Home”

TO SPC. LOWELL D. JOHNSON

Dear Lowell,

Happy Belated Birthday.

Writing this letter brings back many good memories. When you were born, I was working at Instrument Flight Training in St. Paul. We lived in a small apartment in St. Paul Park. Though I didn't make much money and I worked six *long* days a week, there was still time to do things with you and Barry. You were called the IF'T baby, and we had a celebration there for your birth.

We had about 5 inches of new snow today. I don't know if I told you, but I bought a new snow blower with electric start.

Please write when you can.

Love, Dad

Dean Johnson lives in Hugo, Minn.

TO ANY SOLDIER

Dear Soldier,

I'm Jennifer Levine. I go to Newman school. I'm in second grade. My teacher is Mrs Wolfe. Now back to me. I have blond hair. I have hazel eyes. I have a brother named benjamin. I'm so glad your helping kuwait and being nice to our troupes. What do you have for food. What kind of gun do you have. Which ones are still alive. My wish is that no one was dead. My wish is that you would right back to me. Remember my name is Jennifer Levine.

Why didn't the army climb the tree even though the wolfs were chasing them. Answer: because they didn't want to look down. Isn't that funny. I hope you get this note.

Sincerely, Jennifer Levine

Jennifer Levine lives in New Orleans, La.

TO CPL. DARRYL MANNING

Dear Darryl,

Just thought you'd like to know what's going on. School is a drag, as usual, but I got my science grade up! Yaay!! Mom took Justin and me shopping last weekend, and I got a new dress and high heels

for the school dance! Sure wish you could be here, but we'll take lots of pictures so you can see how beau-ti-full I'll be! I got some new tennies, too.

You'll be so proud when you see me! I'm working out every single night—maybe I'll even be able to beat you! I ran 17 laps last night—whew—bicycled forever and lifted weights. I really want to be in track this year, and I'm trying to get in shape.

I was invited to a rock concert in Salt Lake City Friday night, but I don't think Mom will let me go because of the kids that were killed there. Also, she doesn't know the people who would be taking me. Sure wish you were here—I know you'd take me.

Please be really careful, big brother. I really miss the way you always listened to me when I needed someone to talk to. Maybe you can come home.

Love, your little Sis, Crystal
Crystal Manning, 15, lives in Pocatello, Idaho.

TO SPC. TROY MAY

My Dearest Son,

How's life in Saudi Arabia! Life here in Iowa goes on—but it's not the same since you've been gone. We all miss you, Troy!

Old Man Winter is blowing up another snow storm, due to hit big time later tonight. At least the weather in Saudi Arabia must be warmer. Of course I'm sure you'd endure the cold if you could be home, huh? Every once in a while, I still go to the phone and dial your local number. Then I realize you won't be at the other end, and I hang up. All I can do is cling to the image of you coming home and running into my open arms. I hope that by the time this reaches you, the fighting will be over. Nobody will ever take peace for granted after this war, I'm sure.

Toby and Connie came over for lunch today. We had Cheeseburger Hamburger Helper, green beans and cheese, cottage cheese and biscuits. It was not fancy, but it was filling. I hope they're feeding you OK in Uncle Sam's Army.

I'm counting the days until you can come home and begin life again in peace.

Love forever, Mother
Linda May lives in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

FIRST PERSON

DEBORAH'S CHAIR



From the time I was a girl, I wanted to be a hairdresser. I was a gospel singer for many years, but I knew that with my figure I'd never be Cher. But I also always liked the beauty business, and I knew I could fall back on it.

I was working in a salon in Encinitas, Calif., when my husband, David, who's a Marine corporal, went to the gulf. I thought I'd die, I really did. My coworkers couldn't handle my emotions. Here in Oceanside everyone is related to the military; women call me in the middle of the night to see how I am.

I've seen a lot of women who are very afraid. The day that the 11 Marines were killed at Khafji—they were from Camp Pendleton—all of us at the shop went crazy. Is it my hus-

At a beauty shop close to Camp Pendleton, you can have your nails painted red, white and blue. Or just come in for a hug

band? we all wanted to know. Everyone called the 800 number to find out. I thought that when I learned it wasn't David, I'd be consoled. But I cried and cried. Somebody's loved one was dead.

When the ground war started, I cried, but it was a little cry of prayer—for the U.S., for Iraq, for Israel: Please, God, take care of them. There's a calmness now. We had thought it would be really hard, that we'd see our men dead from gas. I've been happy that the Iraqis have just given up.

The shop has recently been getting busier. It may seem frivolous, but a set of manicured, pretty, polished nails will make you feel better. The girls ask me to paint on their husbands' names, or they want flags or yellow bows. If I can touch a little girl, a dependent, and help her through her day, I've

contributed something, however small.

I talked to my husband last week, one morning at about four a.m. I don't know where he was, but he sounded great, very encouraged. He said there's such a brotherhood and sisterhood among the troops. He said the war has made everyone hold on to one another.

A couple of months ago a Navy woman came into the shop. It was late, about 10 p.m. She was leaving for Saudi the next day, and she was looking for some shampoo. She was really overwrought, in tears. She asked me to pray for her. I don't really know how to pray, so I just walked her to her car, and we hugged for a long time. We will probably never see each other again. But that's how it is with us in the military. We are like brothers and sisters. That's what we are.—*Deborah Canada*

USO Fleet Performance
New York, 1945

still
The USA needs the USO.



Randy Travis
USO Tour
Middle East

Since 1941 when our military personnel have needed it most, the USO has been there. But there would be no USO without you. Our funding today—as it has for 50 years—comes entirely from private contributions. So help make sure that the USO is always there. For more information fill out and send in the attached address information. Contributors of \$10.00 and above will receive a complimentary copy of USO's 50th Anniversary magazine, ALWAYS HOME.



1.
And the USO Needs You.

- ☐ I would like more information on the USO.
☐ I am enclosing my tax-deductible contribution of \$

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

USO World Headquarters Public Information Department, 601 Indiana Avenue NW Washington, DC 20004

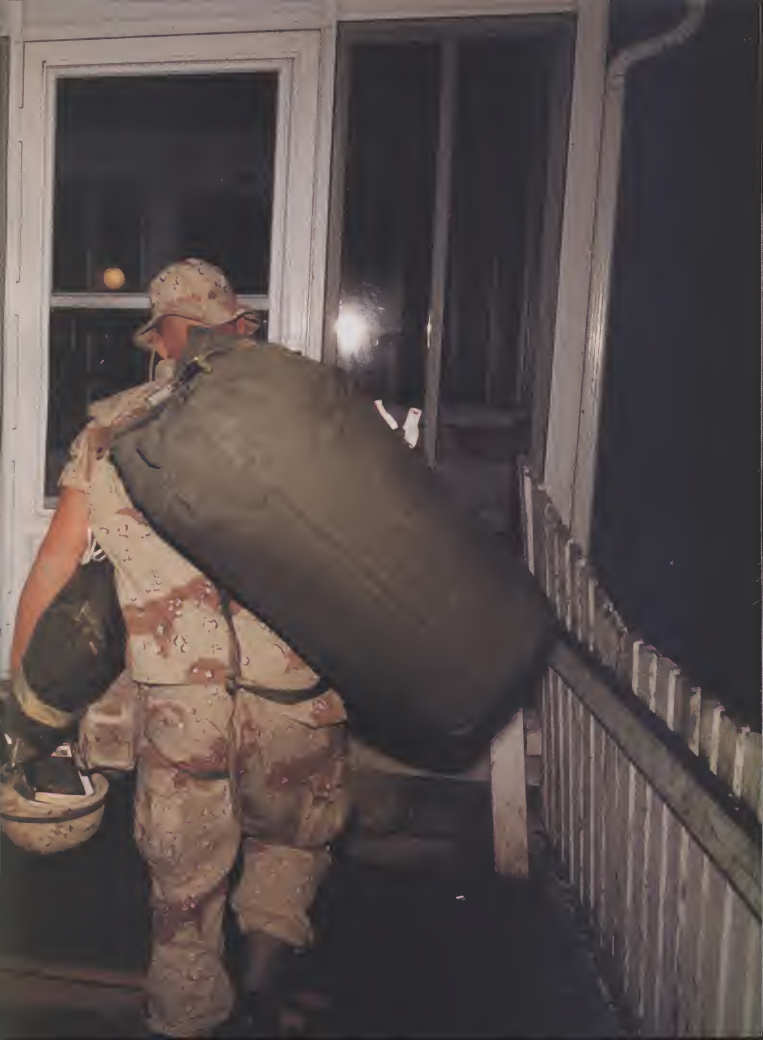
A photograph of a house at night. The house has horizontal siding. A window on the right is lit from within, showing a warm glow. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

PRIVATE LIVES

COMING HOME

An Army private gets a
second chance to say goodbye

PHOTOGRAPHY: SCOTT THODE



Under ordinary circumstances the prospect of going home would have thrilled Curtis Jackson. The 19-year-old Army private from Anderson, Ind., had spent more than four months in Saudi Arabia, training to build roads and clear mines and, like everyone else, waiting and waiting for the start of the ground war. But when Curt was granted a two-week leave on February 15, a leave that would take him thousands of miles from the allied offensive, he had little cause for celebration. The telegram that prompted his return was the one he feared most: His stepfather was dying of cancer.

Suddenly, after months of restless monotony, everything was happening fast. Pack a duffel. Catch a lift to Dhahran. Five flights, two bus rides and two car rides later Curt was home with only 12 days to take care of business: buying a sandproof watch, redefining his relationship with his girlfriend, Melissa Hart, and spending time with the man who had become a new father to him just five years earlier.

It was after midnight by the time Curt arrived in Anderson, but even in the darkness he could see that his hometown had changed; it looked as if Ted Turner had paid a visit and colorized the once quiet place—yellow here, red, white and blue there. Suddenly the notion of surprising his mom at the Village Pantry, where she works nights, seemed the perfect antidote to exhaustion. After he had checked his hair in the rearview mirror, she caught sight of him. “You’re thin,” she cried. “You’re short,” he answered.

Curt had lots of things to tell his mother, not the least of which was that he was no longer her little boy. “I’ve had two people buy me drinks,” he boasted. “That’s two too many,” Gail Nunemaker shot back. They could have talked all night, but soon she was shooing him out the door toward the house on Columbus Avenue for a reunion with his older brother, Keith, 22 (a Navy petty officer, himself home on leave from Sicily), his younger brother, Todd, 17, and his stepfather, John Nunemaker. When he saw the man he had grown to love too weak to get out of bed, whatever fears Curt the soldier might have had about his own mortality were swept aside by the ones felt by Curt the son.

TEXT: DARCY FREY REPORTING: STACI D. KRAMER



Looking at photos of his going-away party made Curt feel a lot older now.



Morris Smith still worries about his former student: “You’re in my prayers.”



At his old school, friends (above) and potential recruits welcomed Curt home.





It was one o'clock in the morning when Curt surprised his mom at the convenience store where she works. "I just wish you were home for good," she cried.



At Melissa's house, the couple finally found time for a private moment.

The next morning, clad in a set of newly washed fatigues (courtesy of his indefatigable mother), Curt set out for the Forest Hills Elementary School to meet the second graders who had recently adopted him as one of their military pen pals. The 18 kids seemed in awe of Curt, but they quickly gathered at his feet when he perched on a stool in front of the blackboard.

"What do you do for fun?"

"Who do you miss the most?"

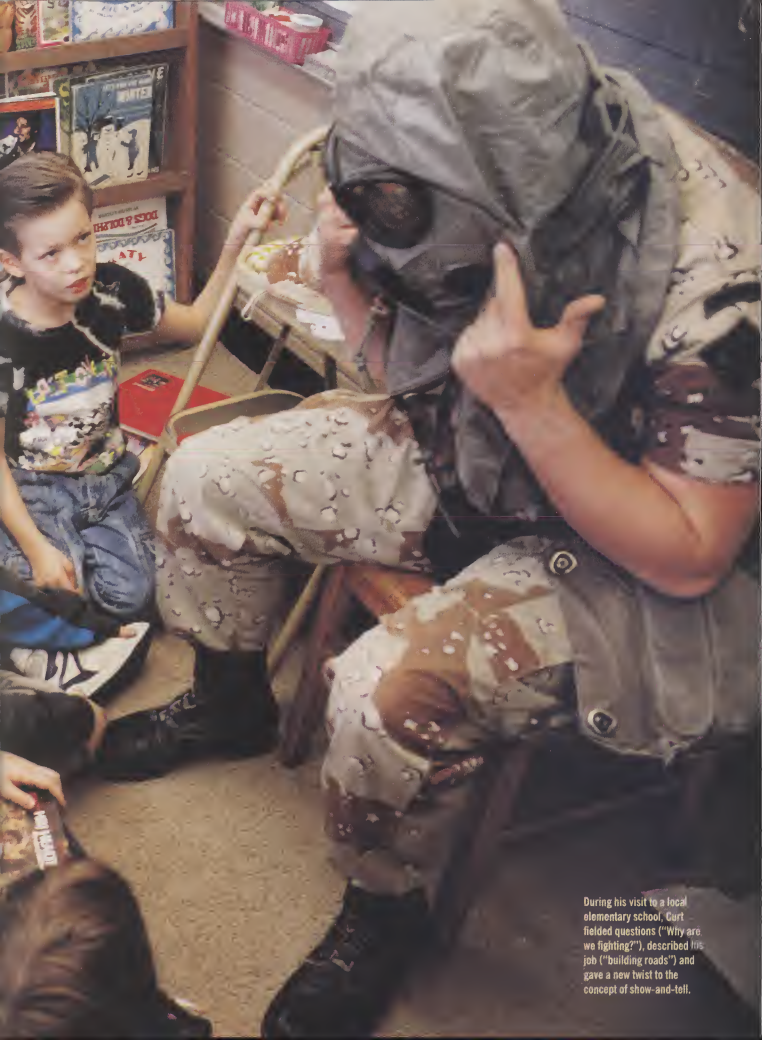
The questions came all at once—only five of the kids didn't know anyone serving in the gulf—but Curt fielded them as naturally as if he had been explaining the frightening facts of war for years.

Curt also stopped in at his alma mater, Madison Heights High, as a favor to the local Army recruiter. To some students, particularly those thinking of enlisting, Curt seemed to have come a long way since last year, when he was still a senior and pulling pranks. The boy who had thrown the smoke bomb into the girls' room was now a man.

"He seems calm and collected," said one sophomore.

"It seems like the experience helped him." Others, such as Curt's drafting teacher, Morris Smith, saw Curt, despite his uniform, as still a kid. "He just graduated last June," Smith said. "How well prepared can he be?"





During his visit to a local elementary school, Curt fielded questions ("Why are we fighting?"), described his job ("building roads") and gave a new twist to the concept of show-and-tell.



John Nunemaker wanted his stepson to see him while he was still in his element—sitting in the living room, lazing in his favorite blue chair.



During his first day home, Curt had seen his girlfriend, Melissa, only once—and briefly at that. But later, with a little more time on his hands, he swung by the Wing On Inn, the Chinese-American restaurant where the two first met and where Melissa still works. As Curt made his way toward the kitchen, former coworkers showered him with hugs. But he saved the biggest embrace for Melissa: As he put his hand around her waist, her arms went around his neck, and for one still moment the couple looked as if they were slow dancing.

Melissa, who is 23, has three children; her marriage was not a happy one, and she's had to consider whether the outbreak of war has intensified her feelings for Curt—particularly since she and Curt had started dating just days before he left for basic training. But she had known him long enough, and well enough, to whisper yes the afternoon of his second day home when Curt reached into his pocket, pulled out a necklace with a small gold heart and diamond on it and asked, "Will you marry me?"

They decided theirs won't be a rushed, home-on-leave wedding. Although the war might be ending, Curt was due back in the desert, and John Nunemaker's illness made this an awkward time for celebration. John had never been thrilled by Curt's involvement with an older woman in the first place, and Curt wasn't sure how his stepfather, with whom he'd had an adolescent's normal ups and downs, would react to the news.

But when Curt and Melissa announced their engagement a few days later, John gave his blessing. Maybe it was because Curt, who had been struggling with his own complicated feelings about John's illness, had finally found a way to express himself to his stepdad: He had bought a card that put his thoughts into words. "When Mom married you I wasn't sure exactly what our relationship would be like," it read. "But I shouldn't have worried. You were warm and understanding and rather than trying to take anyone's place, you created your own. I feel like I've found a very special friend, and I'm really glad you're my stepdad."

Curt's leave had got off to an emotional start—his family was in a state of flux, his buddies were fighting the war that he left behind—but he had accomplished a lot. He had resolved his life in Anderson. And the next time Curt drags his duffel bag in through the front door, he will know that he is truly home. □

Curt lost track of his unit as soon as the ground fighting started.





DEAR MONICA

A Soldier's Last Letters

REPORTING: WENDY BLACK

This is a love story. It is too short, and there's nothing unusual about it except the way it ends.

It begins two years ago. The girl, Monica Mascarenas, is 16. At church she sees a boy she knew growing up. She thinks he looks bad, as in *bad*: long hair down to his shoulders, not her type. In fact, she finds out, he is good. His name is Eliseo Felix. She thinks he is sweet and funny, honest and very thoughtful. She likes how he asks her opinions, how they spend their time together watching movies and MTV, eating pizza and hiking near Avondale, west of Phoenix, where they live.

They date for a while, and he talks about marriage. He gives her a diamond engagement ring. He has just signed up for four years in the Marines. He tells her that even when he's away from her, they are going to be together; he says that's because they are a part of each other. Then he is sent to the Persian Gulf. He starts out as a mechanic but gets promoted to tank driver and enjoys it. She works as a hostess at JB's Restaurant and thinks about their home and their wedding. The date changes from April to May to June, pushed forward by the prospect of his rotation. His 20th birthday is coming up. He says all he wants is to come home. Then he is killed by friendly fire, and everything stops. Everything but the letters.

His mother, Hortensia Felix, 43, was the first to learn the news. She heard the men come up and knock several times, but she had had a dream about her son two nights before: He came and said, "Hey, Mom, I'm home. I'm here to stay." She wouldn't come to the door. She knew something was wrong. They came back every hour. Finally, in the early morning, she let them in. "Then there were two Marine people," she says. "Right away I shook my head and kept looking at them. They asked me if I was the mother of Eliseo. I said, 'You made a mistake. It can't be my son. Why? Why him?' And I kept shaking my head and telling them no."

Monica was spending the night with her grandmother Rose. Hortensia called and told Rose, and Monica woke up when she heard crying. She went to Hortensia's house. She moved into Eliseo's bedroom and lived there for a week. "She didn't want to let go," her

mother, Lupe, recalls. "She says she feels like she hasn't got anything inside of her anymore."

The letters came after his death, a cruel fluke of timing. They kept coming, four of them, four days in a row. He had caught a cold; he asked for more pictures; he sent congratulations to two friends who'd gotten engaged. He told Monica to go ahead and buy the sofa set on layaway ("I say go for it"). He said they would get a two-bedroom apartment so there would be room for his weights ("You probably won't let me stay after work to work out"). In his last letter, he asked Monica to send him a tape. He wanted to hear her voice.

All the letters began, "Hi, babe. How are you? Me ok." All the letters ended, "Love always, LCPL Felix, U.S.M.C."



In one letter, Eliseo wrote of eternal love, referring to his favorite film, *Ghost*. Last week Monica brought birthday balloons to her fiancé's grave. He would have been 20.

hard to express ourselves for me anyway. I just wanted to say in the event of my death, life goes on with or without me and I know you can find someone else that loves you as much as I do that would make me happy knowing that. Just remember (ghost) if I can I will try to do the same. I know I said I was going to try and write more but sometimes it gets hard to even do that. But I will try. I must end this letter now gotta make some c low. I love you. Thank you.

PS - we were on good drawings on Tan 1 and on Tan 2 on the Rose Bowl

Love Always
LCPL FELIX
USMC

“He’s Not Exactly Fond of Desk Jobs”



NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF IS AMERICAN MILITARY
COMMANDER OF OPERATION DESERT STORM

Norm was about two when this picture was taken. We were still living in New Jersey then; our father, who was a general, didn't go back into the reserves until 1941. When Father went to Iran in 1942 as a military adviser, Norm was left with three women—Mother, my older sister, Ruth, and myself. After a while Mother thought it would be good for him to go to a military academy. Norm loved it. As long as I can remember, my brother wanted to be a soldier—according to Norm, my dad told him when he was four that he would be going to West Point.

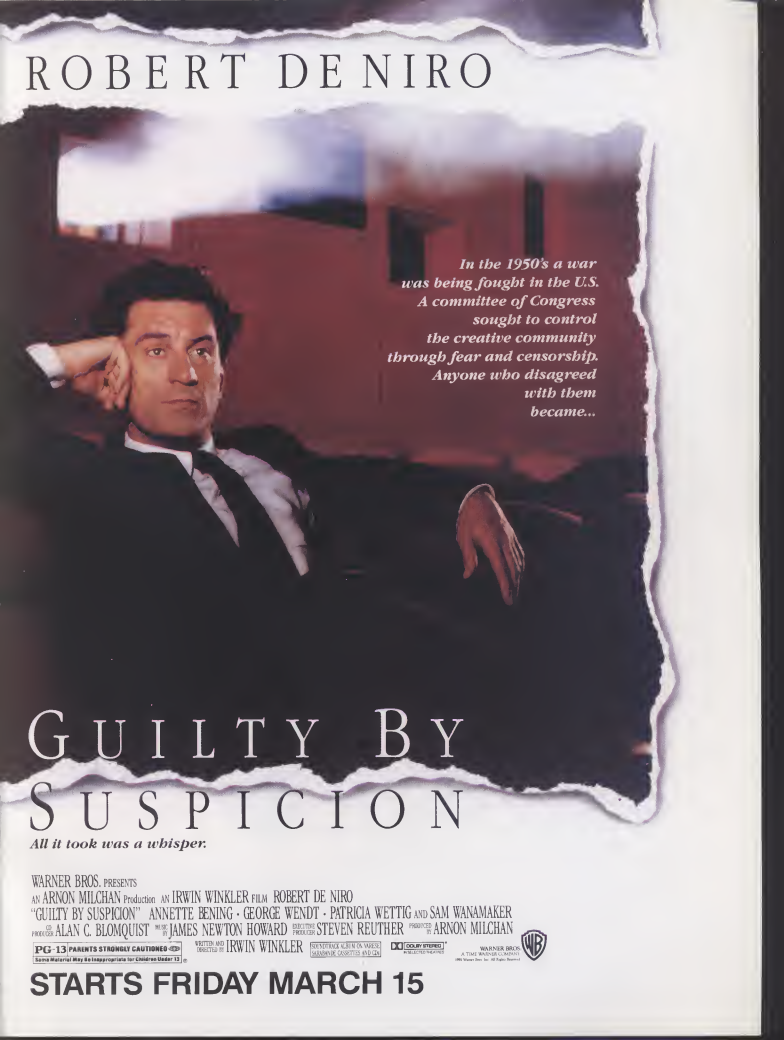
It's funny, since some journalists have said Norm is bad-tempered, but I don't remember him having any temper tantrums as a child. He was quite calm, and—this may be hard for people to believe—he's a tender, caring person. He sometimes loses his temper, usually when someone does something stupid or irresponsible. But it's not a personal thing with him. I think his impatience is a product of things he saw in Vietnam. When he went in, he was an outgoing, happy, witty young man.

When he came back, after two tours, he had lost his innocence; he was bitter that the military was looked upon disparagingly. He didn't talk much about it, but once in a while he would show how deeply wounded he felt.

Although he was up for retirement this year, he volunteered again; he said he was going to try to save lives in the gulf. Besides, he's not exactly fond of desk jobs. One of his main concerns before he left was that he felt it would be a mistake to go to war without the country's support. Actually, he believed up to the last minute that there would be a diplomatic solution to the conflict. He desperately hoped there wouldn't be a war. He really loves his troops, and making decisions to send them into battle is really hard for him.

He called me the other day to wish me a happy birthday. He told me that he misses his family terribly but that when he feels down, he reminds himself that those men and women out there have had to leave families too. That helps him pull himself together. As Norm closed the phone call, he made one request: "Pray for peace."

—Sally Schwarzkopf, as reported by Kristina Bonilla



ROBERT DE NIRO

*In the 1950's a war
was being fought in the U.S.
A committee of Congress
sought to control
the creative community
through fear and censorship.
Anyone who disagreed
with them
became...*

GUILTY BY SUSPICION

All it took was a whisper.

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

AN ARNON MILCHAN Production AN IRWIN WINKLER FILM ROBERT DE NIRO

"GUILTY BY SUSPICION" ANNETTE BENING • GEORGE WENDT • PATRICIA WETTIG AND SAM WANAMAKER

PRODUCED BY ALAN C. BLUMQUIST WRITTEN BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD DIRECTED BY IRWIN WINKLER PRODUCED BY STEVEN REUTHER PRODUCED BY ARNON MILCHAN

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED

Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY IRWIN WINKLER

ROBERT DE NIRO ON WHEELS
CANDOROUS CLOTHING AND CO.

DO NOT DISTURB

WARNER BROS.
A TIME WARNER COMPANY



STARTS FRIDAY MARCH 15



Marlboro

17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.